

Lady's WATCH.

By the Author of the *PRUDE*.

A Fair One sought the silent poplar Shade,
And one choice Volume her Companion made,
Just come from *Damon* too——her Flame more throng,
Blaz'd with the Bard, and mounted with his Song:
Damon, the liveliest Instance of Mankind,
Mix'd in her Thoughts, and floated in her Mind;
O'ercome with Fancy quite her yielding Brain
Sunk into Sleep and form'd this sportive Scene.

She thought (tho' *Morpheus* had subdu'd her Eyes)
She saw the courtly *Ovid's* Image rise,
In modern Peruke, and in Scarlet Charms
He stalks a Beau, and waves his ruffled Arms.

For thee (said he) I leave th' *Elisian* Band,
And thank thee for my Poem in thy Hand:
For this dear Favour, what can I impart?
But this one Secret of my mystick Art——
Thy Fancy led by me, no more shall wait,
On Matter form'd, or what the Gods create,
A Libertine in Air, by secret Power,
Thy Bawd thy Fancy shall be from this Hour:
But Madam take your WATCH, you have your Trade.
And prove that Man is but of Clock-work made,
He spoke——The Engine by her Hand alarm'd,
Heav'd into Size, and Shape, and shew'd 'twas warm'd;
The Seeds of Life in vast Extension ran
Panted with Fire, and started up a Man:
New Fluids circulate in every Wheel,
And every Spring became a Nerve of Steel;
Each Artery their Pulse the Motion lent,
And to the Chain some hovering Reason went.
The Dial-plate his widen'd Shoulders made,
Or'e which the Flowers new-carv'd, in Ringlets plaid,
His Hands were those the Watch had us'd before,
His Left the Minute-hand, his Right the Hour,
His Heart the Pendulum, his brilliant Eyes
Two Diamonds were——Two Pillars were his Thighs;
The Crystal his Sincerity exprest,
The *Main-spring* too, was *Something* with the rest:
The brisk *repeating* Parts awake the Fair,
She sigh'd—and titter'd at a Dream so queer,
Homewards, still frighted in her Mind She fled,
With cautious melting Thoughts and gentle Dread,
And in her Bed, she dandles from that Hour,
The WATCH that gave such Pleasure in the Bower.